

THE NEW OUTRAGE ON THE REV. PARDED BUTLER DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

By LAWRENCE (K. T.) May 7, 1856.

One year ago I came to Kansas, and bought a claim on Sugar Creek, Atchison County.

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Many will ask now, as they have asked already, what is the true and proper cause of all these troubles which I have had in Atchison. I have told the world already, and I can only repeat my own words. I have said that I am a Free Soiler, and that I am a Free Soiler, and that I am a Free Soiler.

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 AND A PECULIAR ONE SHE IS, TOO!
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 Has seen the world. Nobody will doubt it, after read-
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 Who would like to go from house to house, all through
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Portrait of Theodore Parker.
FOR sale at the Rooms of A. A. Child & Co., 19
 Tremont street, a Portrait from Life of Rev. The-
 odore PARKER, by Anton Ulke, of Philadelphia. Full
 life size, elegantly mounted. Price, \$100 00. This is
 the best likeness of Mr. Parker in existence. It obtained
 the silver medal at the last Pennsylvania State Fair.
 For beauty of execution it cannot be excelled. Artists
 in crayon are invited to examine, and all others who
 would like to see it.

LAND FOR SALE
THIRTY-TWO acres of good Land, well wooded, and
 near a flourishing village in the central part of the
 State of New York; will be sold or exchanged for New
 England village property. Apply to R. F. WALLECE,
 21 Cornhill.
 April 18.

PROCEEDINGS of the Presentation Meeting held in
 Boston, Dec. 17, 1857, including addresses by
 John T. Hilton, Wm. C. Nell, Charles W. Slack, Wen-
 dell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Charles Lenox Re-
 mond. This Meeting was held to commemorate the
 opening of the public schools at Boston to all, irrespec-
 tive of complexion, faith, or race, and the Proceedings
 make a very interesting pamphlet. For sale at the
 Anti-Slavery Office, price 10 cents; 12 copies for \$1.

POETRY.

For the Liberator.
BLINDNESS.

Oh! it is and on your way to go,
And not from your cradle-hour to know
How joyful it is to hear the sound
Of a carolling bird, and a streamlet's bound;
And the voice of thought, dearest of all,
Which upon mortal ears can fall.
But sadder to come to this world of light
Without the wonderful sense of sight;
To see not on earth the friends you love,
Eyes that are flashing the light from above;
Nor the sea, nor sky, nor glorious light
Of the sun by day, nor moon at night.
The thunder's roll and the winds you hear,
And richest music may fill your ear,
But you cannot know how the lightnings play,
Nor track the stars on their glorious way:
You hear the roar of the ocean surge,
And fill your soul with the powerful dirge,
But you cannot see the bird that sings,
Cleaving the air with its free bright wings:
It is so joyful to watch its flight—
So glad, away in the glorious light,
Till your spirit seems to float and rise
With it far off in the azure skies.
Though you may gather the rich perfume
Of all the fragrant flowers that bloom,
It will not repay for what you lose,
In not beholding their brilliant hues:
And forms exquisite, displaying the power
Of Him who created the bird and flower.
Exceeding joy to the soul it brings,
To think of the wonderful, glorious things,
From the scrub above to the grain of sand,
The work sublime of a power so grand,
Till, astounded, it turns away from the bliss,
To rest in its glorious happiness.

KATE.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Spring! beautiful Spring!
Come to this desolate, dreary world of ours,
Come with thy breath of balmy—thy gift of flowers,
Thy gentle birds that sing
In sunny bowers;
Come, with thy gladness hours,
Spring! beautiful Spring!
Earth is awary of its winter sleep,
And longs to wake into life again,
To see the budding vines and grasses creep
Along the cheerful plain;
For thou wilt bring,
O! beautiful Spring!
These and all beauties in thy gentle train!
Come with thy children three—
The stormy March that weepeth all the day—
The fickle April, and the bowery May—
Oh! 't were a happiness to see
Far up on high,
Thy clear blue sky,
Like a bright, beauteous, and eternal thing,
Spring! beautiful Spring!
What time the primrose, with a keen delight,
Comes peeping upward from the fallow ground;
What time the swallow in his rapid flight
About the barn-dove circleth round and round;
I love to walk abroad and trace
On Nature's face
The gladness of thy coming, and to sing
With bird, and flower, and bee,
Sweet praise to thee,
Spring! beautiful Spring!
Come, then, sweet Spring!
Come to this desolate, dreary world of ours;
Come with thy breath of balmy, thy gift of flowers;
Thy gentle birds that sing
In sunny bowers;
Come with thy gladness hours,
Oh! beautiful Spring!
And bring, ay, bring anear,
Sweet childhood of the year,
Joy, health and freshness on thy dewy wing,
Spring! beautiful Spring!

THE BUD IS IN THE BOUGH.

BY HORACE SMITH.

The bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
And earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the
blood,
Which, warmed by summer's sun, in th' alembic of the
vine
From her fount will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.
The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the
flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean
bower;
And the juices, meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed routes.
How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground,
Of the myriads wrought in the silent, dark profound!
How each thing upward tends, by necessity decreed,
And the world's support depends on the shooting of a
seed.
The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinn'd day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds his
way:
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy
wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe
for Spring.
Thou hast fanned the sleeping earth till her dreams are
all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging
bowers;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer
eves.
The vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its
cave;
And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand
their wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the
Spring.
The gentle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feathered race rejoices with the gush of tuneful
bills;
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O, thou sunny month of May, be it dedicate to thee!

REVERENCE FOR AGE.

Come, gentle youth! leave off thy vain conceits!
Go, take you old man by the hand, and ask
How he has borne him through his worldly task;
And how life's gall was tempered by life's sweets.
Slowly and weak his heart pulsating beats,
That once was swelling high in pride and hope:
Know that the manacles, now too loose to cope
With peril, once were strong in manly feats.
Know that the memories that round him cluster,
Read like the legends of the buried past.
Though mind and eye have lost their former lustre,
They yet may try your horoscope to cast;
To point the path to take, the one to shun,
And what to do, and what to leave undone.

YOUTHFUL TEARS.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

SCOTT.

THE LIBERATOR.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

SPEECH OF REV. THEODORE PARKER.—[CONCLUDED.]

Now, here are the anti-slavery forces which are not political. They are various. At first, the anti-slavery men looked to the American Church and said, 'That will be our great bulwark and defender. Instead of being a help, it has been a hindrance. If the American Church, twenty years ago, could have dropped through the continent and disappeared altogether, the anti-slavery cause would have been further on than it is at this day. If, remaining above ground, every minister in the United States had sealed his lips and said, 'Before God, I will say no word for freedom or against it, in behalf of the slaveholder or of his victim,' the anti-slavery enterprise would have been further on than it is at this day. (Applause.) I say, that notwithstanding the majestic memory of Wm. Ellery Channing, a magnanimous man, whose voice rang like a trumpet through the continent, following that other clearer, higher, more widely sounding voice, still spared to us on earth (applause)—I say that, notwithstanding the eloquent words which do honor to Beecher and the heart of humanity, notwithstanding the presence of this dear good soul, [referring to Samuel J. May] whose presence in the anti-slavery cause has been like the month whose name he bears, and has brought a whole lap full of the sweetest flowers (great applause)—the Church has hindered more than it has helped; for the tallest heads in the greatest sects were heads that were lifted up to blaspheme the God of righteousness, and commit the sin which brother Remond says is second only to atheism—the denial of humanity. While the atheist openly denied God, the minister openly denied man. I think the minister committed the worst sin; for he sinned in the name of God, and hypocritically. He sinned that he might gain his daily bread, and the atheist perilled his bread and his reputation when he stood up and said, 'I think there is no God.' I am no atheist; I have no respect for atheism; but when a man in the pulpit blasphemes the divinity of God by treating the humanity of man under his anointed foot, I say I would rather take my chance in the next world with that man who speaks out of his own heart, in his blindness, and says, 'There is no God,' than take the chances with that man who, in the name of Jesus and of the Father, says there is no humanity, there is no higher law. (Great and loud applause.)

There are a great many direct anti-slavery forces. The conduct of the slaveholders in the South and their allies has awakened the indignation of the North. The Fugitive Slave Bill was an anti-slavery measure; we said so six years ago, now we know it. Kidnapping is anti-slavery; it makes anti-slavery men. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise stirred anti-slavery sentiment in Northern hearts. The conduct of affairs in Kansas, Judge Kane's wickedness, and the horrible outrages at Cincinnati—all these are anti-slavery measures. Mr. Douglas stands in his place in the Senate, and turns his face North and says, 'We mean to subdue you.' The mass at the North say, 'We are not going to be subdued.' It is an anti-slavery resolution. (Applause.) The South repudiates Democracy. The Charleston Mercury and the Richmond Examiner say that the Declaration of Independence is a great mistake when it says all men are equal—that there is no greater lie in the world. When the North hears that, it says, 'I am anti-slavery at once.' The North has not heard it yet thoroughly. One day it will.

Then there are the general effects of education; it enlightens men so that they can see that slavery is a bad speculation, bad economy. Then there is the progressive moralizing of the North. The North is getting better—more and more Christian and humane. It was never so temperate as to-day, never so just as to-day, never so moral as to-day, never so humane and philanthropic as to-day. To be sure, we overlook our black brother; it is because he is not an Anglo-Saxon. But he has got Caucasian blood in his veins; and by and by we shall see our black brother also.

Then the better portion of the Northern press is on our side. Consider what quantities of books have been written within the last ten years, full of anti-slavery sentiment, and running over with anti-slavery ideas. Think of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and that host of books, only inferior to that, which have been published. Then look at the newspapers. I just spoke of the *Evening Post*; look at the *New York Independent*, with 20,000 subscribers, with so much anti-slavery in it. It does not go the length that I wish it did, and sometimes it does very mean things. It abused our friend Garrison, and I was very much ashamed at the conduct of Mr. Beecher, who refused to express any abhorrence of the act. I have praised Henry Ward Beecher on more than a hundred platforms. Now, when I stand so near his own church, I cannot feel, in the respect that I bear the man, any check to the utterance of my testimony against that conduct of his in that particular, which to me seemed mean, sneaking, cowardly, and wholly unworthy of the generous man, which I know him to be. Nevertheless, see what a powerful anti-slavery agency is the *Evening Post*, the *Independent*, the *New York Times*, and the *New York Tribune*, besides that whole army of newspapers, some of them in every Northern city, not to forget the *National Era* at Washington. Besides these, there are the anti-slavery papers proper—the *Liberator*, the *Standard*, and divers others, only second and inferior where it is praise to be second and inferior.

Then there is the anti-slavery party proper, with its men, its money, and its immense force in the country. What power of religion it has got! I know it has been called anti-religious, anti-Christian, infidel. Was not the Savior of the world nailed to the cross, between two thieves, on the charge that he blasphemed God? We all know it. How rich is this party in its morals, how noble is its eloquence! I am sorry its most eloquent lips are not here to-day to speak for themselves, and for you, and for me. There is woman also in the anti-slavery ranks. I need say nothing of her. Her own sweet music just now awakes the tune of humanity in your hearts, and I saw the anti-slavery sentiment spring in tears out of your eyes. One day, from such watering it will blossom into an anti-slavery idea, and fructify into anti-slavery acts.

Now, here is the merit of this anti-slavery party. It appeals to the very widest humanity and deepest. It knows no restriction of State or Church. If the State is wrong, the anti-slavery party says, 'Away with the State'; if the Church is mistaken, 'Down with the Church.' If the people are wrong, then it says, 'Wo unto you, O ye people; you are sinning against God, and your sin will find you out.' It does not appeal to the politician, the priest, the editor alone; it goes to the people, face to face, eye to eye, heart to heart, and speaks to them with immense power. It knows no man after the flesh. Let us suppose an impossibility. Suppose that Mr. May should become as Everett, and Mr. Garrison as Webster—could their sin be forgiven by the Abolitionists? No. Those who sit behind them would stand, not on this platform, but on this table, and denounce them for their short-comings and wrong-doing. They spare no man; they know no man after the flesh. They are not selfish, for they ask nothing except an opportunity to do their duty, and they have got nothing except a chance to do that, always in ill report until now, when you shall judge how much there is of good report therein.

They are untiring. I wish they would sink through the platform, so that I could say what would put them to the blush before so large an audience.

They appeal to the high standard of absolute right. This is their merit.

Here, I think, is their defect. They forget, sometimes, that there must be political workmen. This comes from the fact that they are non-resistants. If they were the opposite, they would have appealed to violence; being Quakers and non-resistants, they have

not done quite justice always, it seems to me, to those who work in the political way.

This has been charged against them: that they quarrel among themselves; two against three, and three against two; Douglas against Garrison, and Garrison against Douglas; the Liberty Party men against the old anti-slavery men, and all that. That is perfectly true. But remember why it is so. You can bring together a Democratic party, snap your line, and they all toe the mark. So with the Whigs; they have long been drilled into it. But whenever a body of men with new ideas comes to organize, there are as many opinions as there are persons. Pilate and Herod, bitter enemies of each other, were made friends by a common hostility to Jesus; but when the twelve disciples came together, they fell out. Paul resisted Peter, James resisted John, and so on. It is always so, on every platform of new ideas, and will always be so—at least for a long time. We must bear with one another the best we can.

I think that the anti-slavery men (I am one of them) do not always do quite justice to the political men. See why. It is easy for Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips or me, to say all of our thought. I am responsible to nobody, and nobody to me. But it is not easy for Mr. Sumner, Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase to say all of their thought; because they have a position to maintain, and they must keep in that position. This ought to be remembered. Still, it has been of immense value to mankind that this anti-slavery party has arisen. It has been a perpetual criticism on politicians; and now the anti-slavery non-political party has become so powerful that every political man in the North is afraid of it; and when a man writes his speech or makes a speech, he asks not only what will the Whigs or the Democrats think of it, but what will the anti-slavery men say of it—what will the *Liberator* and the *Standard* say of it? And when a candidate is to be presented for the office of President, the men who make the nomination go to the Quakers of Pennsylvania and say, 'Whom do you want? They go to the non-resistants of Massachusetts, and men that never vote or take office, and ask if they will do to nominate this, that or the other man. A true Church bears this relation to the world—what the Church calls the world. It is easy to criticize the world by a higher standard. The non-political anti-slavery party is the Church of America, which is to criticize the politics of America. It has been of immense service. It is a great force.

Besides that, there is the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon tribe, which hate oppression, which loves justice and liberty, and will have at last freedom for all. Then there is the spirit of the age we live in. Only see what has been done in a hundred years. A hundred years ago, there were slaves in every corner of the land. There are men on this platform whose fathers, within a hundred years, have not only owned black, but red and white slaves also. Now, see what a steady march there has been of freedom in New England and throughout the North; likewise on the continent of Europe. Christendom repudiates bondage. Slavery is only at home in three places in Christendom—Russia, Brazil, and the South of the United States. A hundred years ago, there was not a spot in all Europe where there was not slavery in one form or another—men put up at auction. It is only ninety-eight years ago since men were kidnapped in Glasgow, Scotland, and sold into bondage for ever, in the city of Brotherly Love, at Philadelphia. That thing took place in the year 1758. See what odds there is!

It is plain that American slavery is to end ultimately. It cannot stand. The question before us is, shall it ruin America before it stops? I think it will not. The next question is, shall it end peacefully, as the Quakers wish, and as all anti-slavery men wish, or shall it end in blood? On that point, I shall not now give my opinion.

Pardon me for having spoken so long. The theme carried me much further than I intended. But for the sickness of my friend Phillips, he would have stood before you, and his speech, you never think it long. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT (MR. GARRISON).—I wish to say a single word. I think our friend Parker misrepresents entirely the point in relation to the non-resistance character of the American Anti-Slavery Society. I wish it were true, all that he says on that subject. The non-resistance of this country are very scarce indeed. The American Anti-Slavery Society was organized without any reference to that question whatever, and I would not, therefore, like to have the impression go abroad that it is a Non-Resistant Society. It is an Anti-Slavery Society, and we invite persons of all opinions in regard to the matter of resisting evil by physical force, if they are united upon the sentiment that slavery ought to be abolished, to work with us. We are not outside of the Constitution because of our non-resistance views, but because of our anti-slavery views, and we are disfranchised for the slave's sake, inasmuch as in the Constitution we find pro-slavery guarantees which we are not willing to give, and which we shall never carry out; and as we must choose for the slave's sake, and in fidelity to our own consciences, to be disfranchised. And the same reason that requires us to take ourselves out of the Constitution, we think requires our friends Sumner, Wilson, and all the Free Soilers, so called, to take themselves out. But I should be sorry to have the impression left upon our friends in this audience, that we have been unjust to any of those men in regard to any anti-slavery work they may have spoken, or effort they may have made. I believe we have always been generous, just and magnanimous towards them. Our criticism has been in regard to their pro-slavery position; and certainly we should be false to the slave and to ourselves, if we did not criticize them, and refuse to be respecters of persons. I think we have not forgotten any thing that our friend says we have forgotten.

One word further, as to what our friend says in respect to the supposition, that if the slaves were of the Anglo-Saxon race, they would not stay in slavery, but would throw off their fetters. I am not so sure as that. In fact, I see not only four millions of African slaves in this country, but fourteen millions of Anglo-Saxons. They are outlawed. They are denied the liberty of speech, if they would be men and speak out like men. And yet, I do not know what they are going to do about it. I only know that they consent to be gagged, and dare not speak their thoughts in the South. I know, moreover, that the North has looked on, and seen Kansas subjugated by border ruffians, and the Anglo-Saxons conquered. I see the President of the United States determined to carry out the work of the border ruffians by means of the standing army. And yet I see no rising of the people of the North, that indicates that they have any great manhood left in them, or any great self-respect. Not that I would speak disrespectfully, but I say, they who consent to the enslavement of four millions of the children of God, of whatever class, are incapable of maintaining their own rights; and so we are this day subjugated. Every man who goes South must go with a padlock on his lips in regard to the greatest crime committed beneath the stars; he must go prepared either for martyrdom, or to be dumb in regard to a crime which should cause the very stones to cry out. Kansas is gone; the Slave Power does not mean we shall linger long about Kansas. There is Central America, the rest of Mexico, Hayti, Cuba, all ahead. The Slave Power marches on majestically. We make a great many paper protests, and say we are going to do something. What are we doing?

But I will hope for the best, and that, after all, the Anglo-Saxon blood, in the long run, will achieve something for liberty, and drive slavery to its own appropriate place, the bottomless pit. (Applause.)

Mr. LUCRETIA MOTT then came forward, desiring to say a single word. She said that the freedom of the platform of this Society was such that they took great liberties with one another, and hesitated not to criticize the sayings and doings of those that did not please them. Mr. Parker was kind enough to greet her approach; she told him he need not do it, for she had come to sould him.

Mrs. Mott then proceeded to comment upon Mr. Parker's statement about the non-resistance character of this Society, and at the same time to defend the principle of non-resistance. She acknowledged, however, that the principal Abolitionists, at the outset of the enterprise, were opposed to the use of carnal weapons, though they had exercised their combativeness and destructiveness in the use of words that had proved like 'the fire and the hammer in this struggle; and she was sorry to see her friend Parker neutralize the good that was in him by allowing for a moment that it was right to use physical force.

Mr. PARKER replied that he had been scolded in the very proper way—by saying, better than he could do, what he meant to say.

A VILE ASSAILANT.

SPRINGFIELD, May 15, 1856.

DEAR FRIEND:—We have just had a series of anti-slavery lectures from SALLIE HOLLEY. The lectures were given in Hampden Hall, to audiences averaging five or six hundred. Throughout the course, the speaker was listened to with most respectful and profound attention, evincing an uncommon interest in radical anti-slavery truth, quite encouraging to her friends.

The impression left here on the hearers of Sallie Holley is, I am confident, that she is able, effective and eloquent, and that she advocates a cause worthy of her rare endowments. The Springfield *Daily Register*, the organ of the National Democrats, gave its hearers quite a fair and good-natured report of the lecture on Sunday evening, in which it makes the encouraging confession, that 'on the whole, this speech, in all the freshness and genuineness of pure Abolitionism, was very interesting.' The Springfield *Daily American*, the organ of the *Natives*, comes out this morning with an editorial touching the lectures, which for senseless and misrepresentation outdoes any thing I have seen in print for a long time, either in the *New York Observer* or Bennett's *Herald*. I enclose it—perhaps it will do for the 'Refuge of Oppression.' The Springfield *Daily Republican*, the advocate of the Republican party, treated the lectures with solemn silence, it being opposed, I believe, to the agitation of the slavery question. It is in some sort religiously committed against the further agitation of this most unpleasant and vexed subject. My reason for thinking so is, that not long since, an article appeared in the *Republican*, over an assumed name—shrewdly suspected heretofore to have been written by some one connected with that paper—wherein the writer tells the public that he had recently acted as Secretary to a meeting of very quiet people, assembled at a certain hall in this city, who, after proper preliminaries had been gone through, unanimously voted to form a new church here, to be called 'the church of the holy silences,' and that they very happily agreed to give a call to the 'Rev. Mr. Mum, of Stillwater, to become their pastor.'

I ought to have said, when speaking of the article in the *Daily American*, that that paper lost immediately two of its subscribers on account of its scurrilous respecting the lectures, one of whom promptly subscribed for *THE LIBERATOR*.

Yours truly for the right,
E. W. TING.

*For the scurrilous article referred to by our correspondent, see 'Refuge of Oppression.'—Ed. Lib.

Below are two characteristic articles from that intensely malignant and most hypocritical journal, the *New York Observer*—

THEODORE PARKER'S GOSPEL.

Theodore Parker was introduced to his audience in this city, last week, by his friend Garrison, as a fanatic, a traitor, and an infidel.

Theodore Parker, in his speech, pronounced Mr. H. W. Beecher 'the ablest minister in the United States.'

Theodore Parker said that 'Sharp's rifle goes as a missionary to Kansas; an indispensable missionary; an apostle to the Gentiles, whose bodily presence is not weak, nor his speech, contemptible! Carrying out the figure in the same connection, the same preacher said, 'the revolutionary soul of fire flames forth in new processions of the Holy Ghost.'

An apology might be demanded for copying such impious language, but it is necessary to show the spirit and utterances of that now denominated which the *Tribune* invokes, and very fittingly denominated the 'GOSPEL OF KANSAS.'

The *Tribune* says we need preachers of this new Gospel who will thrill the whole country with their burning words. We admire the appellation. It is not the Gospel of Christ, and has so little of its spirit, and so much that is hostile to it, that the only wonder is, how any man who pretends to preach the one can pretend to preach the other. The line may properly be drawn between them, and the Church will lose nothing, but gain every thing, when the preachers of this new gospel, the Gospel of the Rifle, the Gospel of Kansas, are while prosecuting their studies, where they will be entertained of his recovery. There is a fearful lesson in this assassination, and one that ought to be heeded by those men who are giving rights to the Kansas colonists. What if this Sheriff was not shot by a rifle? He was shot by a man who believed himself justified in assassinating an official, and so much that he would not say, that the only wonder is, how any man who pretends to preach the one can pretend to preach the other. The line may properly be drawn between them, and the Church will lose nothing, but gain every thing, when the preachers of this new gospel, the Gospel of the Rifle, the Gospel of Kansas, are while prosecuting their studies, where they will be entertained of his recovery. There is a fearful lesson in this assassination, and one that ought to be heeded by those men who are giving rights to the Kansas colonists. What if this Sheriff was not shot by a rifle? He was shot by a man who believed himself justified in assassinating an official, and so much that he would not say, that the only wonder is, how any man who pretends to preach the one can pretend to preach the other. 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